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POETRY.

TO THE MEMORY OF RT. REV. J. P. K. HENSHAW,
BISHOP OF RHODE ISLAND.

A star that ever brightly shone,
Along life's treacherous shore,
Bequeathed, and from the watch tower's height,
We hail its beam no more.
A light, that in the Church of God
Shed over the world its ray,
Hath ceased to burn—and from her walls
Forever passed away.
A faithful heart hath ceased to beat,
And a pure soul hath fled,
And lowly in his honored grave,
There rests a revered head,
And sadly morning voices rise,
From many a heart and home,
From hearth and stone, and from altar side
That now are left alone.
The scattered flock are wandering now
Without a Shepherd's care,
He leads the voice, that for his church
Uprose so oft in prayer;
And closed the eyes that beamed in love
Upon his little band,
The Shepherd from his labors rests
Within a brighter land.
Humility upon his brow
With clearest lustre beamed,
And the unmying light of faith
Upon his pathway streamed:
The church he loved—her holy ways
In faithful labor he trod,
And walked while laboring on earth,
As in the sight of God.
And though forever from the earth
His soul hath passed away,
Still memories of his blameless life
Around our hearts will stay;
And though no more our temple walls
Echo to his voice,
Still, knowing that he lives above,
We'll look up, and rejoice.
He dwells in heaven—then loud in hand,
Let us still labor on,
Till our work too be done;
Till God shall call our spirits home
To meet in heaven above,
Him who hath watched and toiled for us
For years of patient love.
Let "fading laurels" round the brow
Of earthly victors twine,
Like stars in heaven the ransomed souls
With brightest lustre shine:
And when, at last, before the throne
All nations gathered stand,
There may we meet—not one link gone
From our redeemed band. E. H. F.

HOUSEHOLDERS.

MILK AND ITS MANAGEMENT.—Here are some wholesome suggestions in regard to milking, and the management of milk, in dairy, which we condense from an English work on the subject.

The operation of milking should be performed gently, not harshly. If harshly performed it becomes painful to the cow, who not unfrequently brings into action her faculty of retaining her milk at pleasure. When gently performed, milking generally gives pleasure to the cow. Many instances are recorded where cows which would not let down a single drop of milk to one dairy maid, would let it flow in abundance whenever another approached them.

Cows that are ticklish or skittish should always be treated with the utmost gentleness, and when the udder is hard and painful, it should be tenderly formented with lukewarm water and softly rubbed. Such treatment will bring the cow into good temper, and induce her to yield her milk freely.

Whenever a cow's teats become scratched or wounded so as to produce foul milk, such milk should on no account be mixed with the sweet milk, but be given to the pigs, without being carried to the milk house, lest its presence should taint the atmosphere and prove injurious to the other milk.

It is well to comb and curry cows as it promotes cleanliness. The fact is, where clean milk is an object, the comb and brush together with a thorough washing of the udder are indispensable.

Snufftakers and slovens should never be permitted to assist about the dairy, nor should the milkers be permitted to enter with a dirty apron covered with hairs from the cow house.

Cows should be milked as near the dairy as possible to prevent the milk cooling before it is put into the cream pans.

PEATY SOILS.—Peaty soils abound in swamps and marshes, where vegetable matter exists in excess, in consequence of their being habitually saturated with water, which prevents its decomposition. On being thoroughly drained, some of these soils, in which the vegetable has been reduced to something like soft black powder, or where the earths constitute a considerable portion of the surface stratum, have become very productive. But where the vegetable matters greatly preponderate, or are coarse and woody, it has been found necessary, in order to render them valuable, after draining, to bring on a decomposition by piling and burning the surface, or by the application of lime, or barn yard manure; and sometimes a good dressing of sand, or loam, has induced fertility. The cause of sterility is not the want of vegetable food, but the want of this food in a soluble or cooked state, prepared for the mouths and nourishment of plants.—*Granite Farmer.*

SHORTER TALES.

THE RICH FARMER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I understand, Mr. Sinclair," said Mrs. Windle, addressing a neighbor, who had called on business, "that your daughter Mary has golden prospects before her."

"How so?" asked Mr. Sinclair.
"Why, they tell me that John Mitchell, who, now his father is dead, is by far the richest farmer in the county, has taken quite a fancy to her."

"It would not be strange if he has," said Mr. Sinclair, "for Mary, you know, is handsome, and what is better, she is good."

"It would be a capital match," said Mrs. Windle.

"It would be so considered by most people, I suppose."

"By all, I should think."

"No, not by all—as my wife and I, and Mary, are exceptions."

"Is it possible? Well, I wish my Sally could have the offer of him—it would make me the proudest and happiest woman in the place. What you and your wife and daughter can have against John Mitchell, I cannot imagine. He is remarkably good looking, is well educated for a person in his station, is addicted to no bad habits, and above all, as I have said before, is the richest farmer in the county."

"What you say is true; yet, I should much rather Mary would marry Philip Moreton."

"This seems very strange to me, though I suppose you have some reason for your preference, which is satisfactory to yourself."

"I have."

"If it is no secret, I should really like to know what it is?"

"It is simply that I don't wish to see my daughter a slave!"

"What can you mean, Mr. Sinclair?"

"I mean just as I say; and by way of illustration, I will, if you please, mention our domestic arrangements."

"Before I was married, during a short residence in a rich farmer's family, and which subsequent experience has shown me, is by no means rare occurrence."

"I had, for several years, had some little acquaintance with Mr. Cornish, whom I used often to see drive through the village where I resided, in a buggy, and the finest span of horses any where in that vicinity. He was, at that time, about forty-five—a stout, hale man, with the reputation of being very goodnatured, and possessing a noble, generous heart, whose promptings he gratified by entertaining all whom he could induce to accept his hospitality, at his amply, and I might say, luxuriously furnished board. Sometimes he would almost compel an old acquaintance, he accidentally fell in with, to go home and dine with him, saying, in answer to any objection which might be raised, that there was always enough and to spare, and that as he labored hard in his young days to accumulate his property, he now intended to take as much comfort of it as he could. "As nothing," he said, contributed so much to his enjoyment as to have a few friends to chat with at table, he thought they might be willing to occasionally gratify him." When I asked him if he could board me a few months, (I was then preparing to enter college, and though I should prefer the quiet of the country to our little, bustling village,) he at once assented, saying that he, for his part should like to board half a dozen young men, for his motto was, "The more the merrier."

This was Saturday, and I was to commence boarding in his family the next Monday. Mr. Cornish said that he should be at the village by sunrise, and would take me home with him in his buggy. It was a lovely morning in June, and when we arrived in sight of his handsome and commodious house, with its ample and convenient out-buildings, surrounded by fields of waving grass and grain, and Indian corn, and of orchards filled with every variety of fruit-tree, then in full bloom—I thought to myself, that the home of Mr. Cornish realized my ideal of a rural Paradise. A lad stood ready to take the horses from the buggy, the moment we alighted; Mr. Cornish remarking with a smile as he did so, that he had now got to feel himself able to be waited on.—"Please walk into the house," he added, for I see by my watch that it lacks only five minutes of breakfast-time, and I always require my wife to be punctual to a minute."

"I shall never forget that breakfast, and the painful associations it calls up, where I live to this day. As Mr. Cornish ushered me into a room, where a large table was laid for ten persons, a slender woman, bending under the weight of a huge dish, piled with wheat cakes, hot from the oven, entered by an opposite door. A large dish of soft toast, saturated with melted butter, mixed with cream, was already upon the table, together with a broiled chicken,

beef-steak, cold ham, and cold roast veal. Mrs. Cornish having placed the cakes on the table, returned to the kitchen for something more.

"What is the woman about?" said Mr. Cornish impatiently, at the same time looking at his watch. "She knows how much I stand on punctuality."

"The clock now commenced striking, and just as the last stroke died away, Mrs. Cornish re-entered the room with an air of hurry and trepidation, with a dish of boiled potatoes in one hand and of baked ones in the other. No less than seven sturdy-looking young farmers entered the room directly after her.

"Mr. Cornish had already seated himself at the table, and indicated the place which I was to occupy, but I waited till his overtasked wife, in what appeared to me a complete state of exhaustion, sunk into her chair. While Mr. Cornish asked a blessing, I thought that she must feel more thankful for the prospect of partaking of the savory viands which loaded the board. As she handed me a cup of coffee, her husband said—

"How is this? Why, is there no tea? I thought that you understood that when a stranger was expected to breakfast, there should be both coffee and tea."

"I can make it now—it won't take me but a minute," said Mrs. Cornish, moving back from the table.

"But I interfered, and assured them that I preferred coffee in the morning. This satisfied my hospitable host, and with a genial glow irradiating his broad, ruddy visage, and a sunny light scintillating in his small black eyes, he addressed himself to the pleasant task before him.

"He knew nothing of gastronomy as a science, yet the most devoted of the disciples of the Epicurean philosopher could not with all the subtle aids derived from the precepts of their master, have enjoyed a repast with a gusto more lively and intense than did Mr. Cornish his breakfast. It was the same with the young men, a circumstance which by the look of completeness, was evident now and then, he cast round the table."

"There was only one present whose comfort or discomfort appeared to be a matter of utter indifference to him, and that was his wife. And yet, this was not owing to any positive inhumanity in his disposition, it was only because he was eminently selfish. She had for more than twenty years performed the household labor, the meanest and hardest drudgery included, and in his mind, it was a thing of course that she should continue so to do. He had never marked the fearful ravages wrought by failing health and by being constantly overtasked, nor is it probable that the orders which he daily issued, with perfect nonchalance, to have his meals plentiful of great variety, and first rate in quality, appeared to him at all hard or difficult to execute."

"When Mr. Cornish married his wife, she was a handsome girl of eighteen, full of hope and energy, but with a father rather too slender for a farmer's wife. Her health, however was good, and for the first five or six years after their marriage her task was comparatively light.

"Mr. Cornish was a shrewd man, and by what, at the time, proved the ruin of thousands, made a great deal of money by land speculations. As his purse grew heavy, he began to think that he might well afford to hire a part of the labor necessary to be done on his farm, instead of performing it himself. He consequently engaged a hand by the month, which, while it lightened his own task, added a good deal to that of his wife. He continued to prosper more and more, and by the time five boys were added to the family, he thought that he could afford to hire two hands.

"Mrs. Cornish was already bending under her burden, and when she found that she was to have still another to cook and wash for, she ventured to say that she hardly knew how she should get along with her work without some assistance.

"Nonsense," said her husband. "All you will have to do is to put a little more into the pot. I have heard my mother say, that she had as lief cook for a dozen as two, and we all know that a hen can scratch for a dozen chickens as well as for one. If girls would work for two shillings a week, as they used to when I was a youngster, it would do to talk about hiring one; but the extravagant wages they ask now would run off with all the loose change I could rake and scrape. Come, Lucy," he added, smiling, "rouse up a little, and have a little more resolution; it won't do for you to set up for a lady quite yet."

"Thus rebuked, his wife, who was proud spirited, did not revive the subject, and probably must have failed, at once, had it not been for her eldest son, who stole every opportunity to assist his mother, even at the risk of being called idle and lazy, at not doing, on some occasions, what his father thought a fair day's work for a boy of his age."

"I had entered the house with the keen appetite consequent on youth, vigorous health, and a three miles' drive in the fresh morning air; but it was entirely destroyed by the sight of the drooping, overtasked woman, who, unable to eat herself, was constantly employed in waiting on others.

"To Mr. Cornish, it was evident, by his self-satisfied air, that everything was exactly as it should be, and the indignation caused by his obtuseness I felt burning on my cheeks, as I recalled to mind the solicitude he expressed concerning his horses, which, to use his own language, he always treated as if they were made of satin. I could not help imagining to myself what he thought his wife was made of. I determined within myself to leave at once, knowing that the addition of one to the family, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Cornish to the contrary, must add to her care and labor. On reflection, however, I decided to remain, for having once kept "Bachelor's hall," I thought that I might lighten, instead of increasing her labor during those intervals of study, which I had intended to devote to rambling in the woods and fields. I, therefore, at the risk of winning the opprobrious cognomen of Henshusey or Bettyneedle, and of being thought worthy of having a dish-cloth pinned to my outer garment as a badge of my office, addressed myself to the task of gathering and preparing vegetables, bringing wood and water, tending the fire to keep the kettles boiling and the meat roasting, besides doing a variety of other things "too numerous to mention." As for Mr. Cornish, he was seldom in the house, except at his meals, and then he wore the same jovial, smiling aspect, by which he had earned the reputation of being uncommonly pleasant and good natured. This was particularly the case whenever he succeeded in picking up a few old friends to witness and partake of his hospitality, unless, as it sometimes happened, he was so unfortunate as to think of something which might have increased the luxury and variety of the repast.

"He used, when in his happier moods, to dwell with considerable ostentation on the shrewdness and foresight, which had contributed towards making him the greatest totem to remark, that he thought he had a right to live at his ease, and enjoy himself. And he was not backward in availing himself of what he considered his right in this respect. Every day, when the weather was fine, he took a drive in his buggy with his superb bays, besides which Harefoot, as he called the finest saddle horse I ever saw, was regularly brought to the door after tea, when he used to ride eight or ten miles.

"In addition to the air and exercise thus obtained, he daily walked over his fields, overlooking the labors of his sons and his hired men. He thus, by daily placing his obligations on the altar of Hygea, enjoyed an exuberance of health and spirits.

"One day, having gone to the village, on some errand, a woman came to the door and said to me, "I wish you would do me the favor to give my love to Mrs. Cornish, and tell her that I expect a few friends to take tea with me this afternoon, and that I should be much pleased to have her join us."

"When I returned, I delivered my message to Mrs. Cornish, and could see that her wan, careworn countenance brightened. The next moment, however, she remarked, that she did not think it would be possible for her to leave home.

"After dinner, I heard her ask Mr. Cornish, if he thought of going to the village, that afternoon.

"I probably shall," was his answer.—"Is anything wanted? Are we out of tea, coffee, or sugar?"

"No," she replied; "but Mrs. Bright has sent me an invitation to take tea with her this afternoon, and I thought I should like to go."

"Poh!" said he, "what would be the use of that? You know, Lucy, that if there is one thing on earth which I despise more than another, it is this gadding round from house to house, to talk scandal over a dish of tea, which women practice so much in our days. I thought you were above such things. My mother used to say that a woman's place was at home, and I am exactly of her mind. What think I, the boys, and the hired men, and Mr. Sinclair are to do for supper, if you go off to a tea-drinking? Besides," he added, looking out of the window, "the horses, I see, are already harnessed, and I cannot allow them to stand an hour to be tormented with the flies, waiting for you to dress up in your frills and furbelows. It would take more flesh off of them, than two bushels of oats would put on."

"Mrs. Cornish made no reply, but meekly turned away, and commenced washing the dishes. She looked out of the window, when her husband had left the house, and as with a merry laugh, and a countenance indicative of the highest health and spirits, he jumped into the buggy, at the same moment giving rein to the prancing steeds, I saw her lips quiver, and tears start to her eyes. My own thoughts were, and perhaps hers were not dissimilar, that though

she was looked upon as the mistress of the princely establishment of the rich Mr. Cornish, her real situation was no better than that of a slave; while the labor she was obliged to perform daily, was double that, which any humane and considerate master would require. The last week I boarded in the family, I thought that I could see that she was falling rapidly, and one day I said to her in the presence of Mr. Cornish, that I thought she did not look well.

"I don't feel very well," she replied, "and I have had some thoughts," she continued, addressing her husband, "of asking you if you were willing that I should send for Hannah Williams to come and assist me a week or two, so that I could get a little rested."

"The countenance of Mr. Cornish changed. "If you cannot get along with your work," said he, "I must let one of the boys help you, if it is harvest time. I don't set any value on what such a little flirt of a thing as Hannah Williams can do any more than my mother did. She always said they were more plague than profit. The women ain't what they were, when I was a boy. My mother thought nothing of having a family of eighteen or twenty to take care of, but half that number, now-a-days, is thought to be a mighty affair. In my opinion, it is because the will is wanting. No, no, Lucy, it won't do to pay a girl a dollar a week for you to wait on, even if it should be thought a little more genteel by the neighbors."

"Mr. Cornish," said his wife, "you often refer to your mother as an example worthy imitation, and not without cause.—She was an excellent woman in every respect—very considerate and kind-hearted, as I had good reason to know; and being blessed with almost perfect health, was able to accomplish a great deal; yet, as you must remember, she had an unmarried sister, who always lived in the family, and was much better than any hired girl that could have been obtained."

"Poh, poh—that's where you are mistaken Aunt Kitty did some chores, but mother was always round seeing to things." The next Saturday, and early Monday morning I saw Mr. Cornish at the village. Two gentlemen, from one of our larger cities, with whom he had formerly transacted some business, had been stopping at the hotel a few days, and unfortunately, Mr. Cornish caught sight of them. He, of course, as he always did in such cases, invited them to dine with him, and in reply to some excuse which they attempted, assured them that he would not take No for an answer. He spoke to me aside, and told me he was going to let them see how a farmer fared.

"It may be unnecessary to attempt to relate how Mrs. Cornish succeeded in getting through with the task of preparing a dinner which satisfied her husband but which she could not find time to partake of, a circumstance, as Mr. Cornish neglected to introduce her, that caused the two city gentlemen to imagine that she was a kind of head servant, whose health and spirits had been broken by some great sorrow."

"The same day, about sunset, I saw Benjamin Cornish ride up to the door of Dr. Lewis, in great apparent haste.

"Your mother is sick?" said I, approaching him, after he had spoken to the Doctor.

"Yes," he replied. "When we came in from work, we found that no preparation had been made for supper. As father had gone on some excursion with his two guests, whom he had made promise to return with him and spend the night, I didn't know but that he had given orders to have it delayed. At that moment, I thought I heard my mother's voice, and on going to her bedroom, I found her lying on the bed, in a high fever. Father don't much approve of physicians, but we were all of us so frightened, we thought it would not do to wait for his return in order to obtain his consent."

"Dr. Lewis succeeded in subduing the fever, but it left hopeless decline. It was the last day of September that she sunk under her burden, and the serene leaves of November fell upon her grave. Six months afterwards, Mr. Cornish married a young and pretty wife, whose health, as he soon ascertained, was so delicate, that he was obliged to purchase a saddle-horse, expressly for her benefit."

"I don't think, said Mrs. Windle, when Mr. Sinclair had finished his story, "that it would be fair to judge all rich farmers by that Mr. Cornish."

"Perhaps not; yet, as far as my observation has extended, no class of women in the country, work so hard as the wives of farmers, who are comparatively wealthy.—A man who owns a little snug farm, and, as a general thing, cultivate enough with his own hands to enable him to procure all that is necessary for the comfortable subsistence of himself and family. It would not do to think of hiring a hand, hence the wife's task is seldom so hard but that she

can perform it without injury to her health; whereas, if the increasing possessions of her husband would render it profitable to hire half a dozen hands, it would add to her labor twofold."

"But if a farmer is able to pay half a dozen hands, he can certainly afford to hire a good strong girl to assist his wife," said Mrs. Windle.

"That is true, yet I have found comparatively few men in that station of life (there are honorable exceptions I know) who seem perfectly willing to do it; and most women possessing a common share of sensibility, prefer doing the whole of their work themselves, at the expense of much physical suffering, rather than to be almost daily reminded of the great expense of giving a girl board and wages, for doing a little work about house, which, after all, amounts to nothing. I can, at this very moment, recall to mind no less than five instances where the wives of farmers, who, as the phrase is, had got to be above board, literally worked themselves to death. There was Mrs. Elwyn, for instance. I recollect when I was told that she was dead, that I very naturally inquired the nature of the malady which had caused her premature death, for she had left four children, the eldest of whom was only six."

"O, she killed herself with hard work," was the careless reply."

"To confess the truth, I can remember similar instances myself, but I always thought that the women were quite as much to blame as their husbands. When they became aware that they were injuring themselves by over-exertion, they should have urged the necessity of having some assistance."

"The truth is, such women as Mrs. Elwyn, and others I could mention, preferred physical to mental suffering. They could not bear to be constantly reminded, that a farmer could not expect to get along in the world when there was 'a poor inner door,' and of hearing women quoted as examples, who were 'wives worth having.'"

"There is something in that, I know, but a woman of sense should be above

above it, but I am convinced that it is not always possible, and for that reason I shall never feel willing for my daughter to marry a man, whose education has not been of a kind to give him such liberal and expanded views as will enable him to resist the narrowing influence of avarice."

"You may be right," said Mrs. Windle, as Mr. Sinclair rose to take leave, "but I hope that my Sally will never fare worse than to be the wife of John Mitchell."

"If she should," said Mr. Sinclair, "I hope that he will not prove to be a second Mr. Cornish."

ANECDOTES.

One of Heath's sprinkling wagons, used to dampen the streets by water from a large reservoir containing several hogheads, was proceeding slowly down Fourth street, engaged in the laudable task of flooring the dust, when the attention of a raw Hoosier was attracted towards the singular looking vehicle.

"Hallo, stranger," said he, addressing himself quite audibly to the driver, "you're losing all of your water thar!"

No answer was made by the person addressed.

"Easy, old boss," said the Hoosier, "you're losing your water right smart thar, I tell you, and your old tub will be dry next, you know."

The driver was still silent. The stranger again addressed John:

"Look here, don't you see that something's broke loose with your old cistern on wheels, and that all o' your water is leakin' out?"

Still the driver was silent, and the Hoosier turned away in disgust, saying:

"I allow that thar feller is little the biggest fool I ever see, but if he is so blind to his own interest as to throw away his labor in that thar way, let him do it."

SHUTTER, the famous comedian was never without a joke, or a whimsical story. He used to give the cries of London on his annual benefit; and the day before one of these benefits, he followed through several streets a man whose cry of his wife was peculiar. At last Shutter stopped him, and told him he was Ned Shutter, and had followed him for half an hour in hopes to hear him cry his usual cry. "Why, Master Shutter," said the man, "my wife died this morning, and I cannot cry."

"The fire is going out, Miss Filkins."

"I know it, Mr. Greene, and if you would act wisely, you would follow its example."

It is unnecessary to add that Greene never "axed" to set up with that gal again.

The Boston Bee, evidently in luck, gives the following on the marriage of Mr. John Rush to Miss Sarah Carter:

When Cupid did his maiden bower,
On Hymen's course to take a braud,
At first she went it with a Carter,
But now she goes it with a Rush.

DISSEMINATIONS.

Facts for the Curious.—Female Beauty.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eye-brows black, and their lips blue. In Persia, they paint a black streak around the eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The row of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzerat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland, the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through.—Hindoo females when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, the tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and by keeping open the wounds a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand, at the second joint. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattened the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes of Oregon, and also in Samatra and Arracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China, small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which, in childhood, are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are turned under the foot, to the sole of which consists in finger nails so long that castings of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large, flat nose and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea, the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. On the north-west coast of America, an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guiana, the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth and the point resting on the chin. The Tunisian woman, of moderate pretensions to beauty, needs a slave under each arm to support her when she walks, and a perfect belle carries flesh enough to load down a camel.

An Incident in the Life of Henry Clay.

His Advice to Young Men of the Legal Profession.—Two years since, during Mr. Clay's address to the students of the "New York State and National School," in Ballston Spa, Saratoga County, one object of which is to train its pupils in the art of extemporaneous speaking, he said, when commenting on the advantages of the institution, "I owe my success in life, I think, chiefly to one single fact, viz: that at the age of 17, I commenced and continued for years the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a cornfield, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn with the horse, and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and molded my whole subsequent destiny. Improve, then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy.—Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of speech. There is no power like that of oratory. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions.—the influence of one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day."

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind word for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; she never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase her happiness.—Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the street?—But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Extend a friendly hand to the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble.

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Friday, Aug. 13.
SENATE.—This being the day, when, under the rules, any objection to a private bill could be postponed, the committee rose and the House adjourned.
After an Executive session the Senate adjourned.
HOUSE.—A motion was adopted to stop all debate upon the army appropriation bill one hour after it shall be taken up in Committee of the whole.
The committee proceeded to act on the bill, and added an appropriation of \$300,000 for extra pay the coming year to the officers and enlisted men serving in California, New Mexico and Oregon.
The committee rose, when all the amendments were concurred in, except that for the camels, when the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, August 14.
SENATE.—The Senate on the motion of Mr. Atchison went into Executive session. The doors were opened a little after 12 o'clock.
Mr. Merriweather's resolution calling for information as to monies paid out of the treasury to Scott and Pierce respectively, was taken up. The resolution was adopted—yeas 24, nays 11.
The private bills engrossed yesterday were passed.

The President's message relating to the fisheries was taken up, when Mr. Seward addressed the Senate at length. The Senate at 4 o'clock adjourned.

HOUSE.—The army appropriation bill was taken up.
The House by a vote 38 against 107, non-concurred in the amendment appropriating \$20,000 to test the practicability of employing camels on the Western plains as a substitute in part for horses.
The bill was then passed, and the House went into Committee on the private calendar, and soon after adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Monday, August 16.
SENATE.—Mr. Cass moved to take up the bill making appropriations for the construction of a ship canal around the falls of St. Mary. Agreed to.

Mr. Cass concluded his speech upon the bill for the construction of a canal around the falls of St. Mary, in which he showed the incalculable importance of such a road.

Pending an amendment to the original bill, changing the number to 700,000 acres, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—The bill granting land to the various States for the benefit of the indigent insane was taken up, and several amendments adopted. The bill now provides that 10,000,000 acres of land shall be appropriated to the several States in proportion to the geographical area and representation of each in the House of Representatives, according to the census of 1850; provided the area of no State shall be computed at more than 50,000 square miles; the lands shall not be sold at higher rate per acre than the present minimum price, and are subject to the right of pre-emption; land thus granted remaining unsold for 20 years, to revert to the United States; the expenses and management of the lands to be paid by the States respectively, or that the entire proceeds of sale of said lands shall be applied without limitation.

A State establishing a public institution for the education and maintenance of idiots, the deaf and dumb, or blind, shall participate in the benefit of the act. The funds shall be invested in safe stocks—the interest only to be used for the purposes designed by the bill.
The third reading of the bill was ordered, but a single objection prevented the reading. Several gentlemen, one after another, ineffectually endeavored to have certain business considered, but no quorum voting, the House, at three o'clock, adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Aug. 17.
SENATE.—A message was received from the President, declining, for weighty reasons, to comply with the call of that body for information upon the Sandwich Islands Annexation question. Mr. Seward offered a resolution in course of the session, proposing to send a Commissioner to those islands to institute a negotiation for their acquisition by the United States. The resolution lies over.
The Saut Canal again came up. The amendment making the number of acres granted for the Canal 750,000 was adopted, and the bill was finally ordered to be engrossed, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—The bill granting ten millions of acres of public lands to the States for the support of insane persons passed by a vote of 98 to 54.
After some unimportant business the Naval Appropriation bill came up in Committee of the whole, and led to a spirited discussion and to a passage at arms between Mr. Mann, of Mass., and Mr. Polk, of Tenn., upon the subject of Slavery.

The House then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Aug. 18.
SENATE.—The bill in aid of a ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary, in Michigan, was passed.

The naval appropriation bill was discussed at length, various amendments being offered, till the Senate adjourned at 4 o'clock.

HOUSE.—A resolution was adopted to close the general debate on the navy appropriation bill in half an hour, and the House went into committee on that bill.

Mr. Skelton spoke in favor of the amendment authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to carry out the contract with R. S. Stevens, for constructing a steamship shot and bomb proof.

The clause appropriating \$1,065,000 for the repair of vessels in ordinary and for the wear and tear of vessels in commission, including fuel and purchase of hemp, having been read, Mr. Stanton offered the following amendment:

Provided, hereafter, that whenever a vessel in ordinary shall be so much decayed that the expenditures required to repair and equip her shall be estimated to exceed two thirds of her original cost, it shall not be lawful to repair such vessel, but she shall be sold and the proceeds applied to the construction of a new vessel in her stead, and the Secretary of the Navy shall cause to be built a vessel of war, whose frame shall be white oak, and of the best and most approved model of sailing, to be fitted with auxiliary steam power, and to be armed exclusively with the heaviest and most destructive ordnance, which according to the recent improvements, it is possible to carry with safety and serve with efficiency at sea.

The amendment was agreed to, ayes 78, nays 48.

Mr. Stanton, of Tenn., moved to add

\$300,000 to the appropriation—the amendment just adopted rendering this sum necessary.

Without taking any vote, after discussing several amendments, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Aug. 19.
SENATE.—After considerable confusion and debate, the motion to take up the appropriation bill was agreed to—yeas 12, nays 17.

Several verbal amendments were agreed to. The bill was then postponed till tomorrow.

The river and harbor bill was taken up. Mr. Cass moved to strike out all appropriations for specific surveys and insert \$300,000 for surveys, at the discretion of the department.

Mr. Cass's motion was rejected—yeas 12, nays 28. The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE.—After the usual preliminary business the House resumed consideration of the bill declaring the Wheeling Bridge to be a post route.

Mr. Oids of Ohio resumed and concluded his speech in favor of the bill. The bill was then passed by yeas 115, nays 42.

The House went into Committee and resumed the consideration of the Navy Appropriation bill. Without coming to any conclusion the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

Steamships ILLINOIS, NORTHERN LIGHT and CRESCENT CITY, have arrived at New York with dates from California to July 17th, 730 passengers and \$2,068,437 on freight and in the hands of passengers.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in San Francisco, with great spirit, by a long procession, oration, fire works, &c. Conspicuous in the procession was a long line of Chinese, richly dressed, and bearing a huge national banner of crimson silk, upon which was emblazoned in golden embroidery the royal dragon. They are said to have expended \$12,000 in getting up their portion of the procession.

A number of foreigners, who have been settled for some time at a place called Mariposa in the Mariposa, had turned the stream and found good diggings, possession of which was claimed by a body of Americans, who denied the right of the foreigners to work them. The latter, to the number of three or four hundred, headed by a few Frenchmen, resolved upon defending their claims. The Americans immediately sent out runners, and some two hundred armed men collected, when the foreigners deemed it prudent to retire, leaving their claims and improvements in possession of the Americans. At one time it was thought there would be much blood shed, but the report is that only one shot was fired. Some twenty five or thirty foreigners were arrested, but what disposition had been made of them we have not heard.

The Americans, not satisfied with having driven the Spaniards and Frenchmen from Mariposa, organized a scouting party, and rode through the country ordering all foreigners off within twenty-four hours.
The Chinese continued to arrive in San Francisco, in great multitudes. Nearly 4000 had reached the city within a fortnight. They stopped but a short time, and made their way at once to the mines. The hostility of the miners towards them appeared to be increasing every day.
The U. S. sloop of war *St. Mary's*, which left San Francisco with the sixteen shipwrecked Japanese sailors, arrived at Hong Kong, China, on the 2d of May, and immediately joined the American squadron consisting of the steam frigates *Sasquahanna*, *Saratoga* and *Plymouth*, at Macao, whence the China papers say, they would at once sail for Jeddo.

Judge Hoffman, U. S. District Judge, in a case pending before him, in which a vessel was sued for a violation of the passenger act, decided in effect, that the law was inoperative, and that a steamer or sailing vessel could bring up as many passengers as she pleased.

The first overland emigration of the season reached San Francisco on the 3d of July. A party of twenty young men from Ohio, made the trip in seventy two days. The emigration during the season, it was expected, would be large.

The purchase of the Jenny Lind theatre by the city has been enjoined by the District Court, and an appeal taken from the order of the court. The difficulties in the way of the consummation of this scheme, are accumulating, and the probabilities are most strong that the whole matter will fall through.

The Mines continue to yield handsomely. The waters throughout the country were falling, and many important undertakings were in progress—such as turning the beds of rivers—constructing long canals for the conveyance of water to spots known to be aridiferous, but unproductive from lack of water. Liberal privileges had been granted the Mountain Lake Water Company, and in consequence all the stock was taken, and energetic measures adopted to introduce pure fresh water into San Francisco as speedily as possible.

There are two companies now at work engaged in bringing the water from the Stanislaus, to be distributed over the entire country lying between the Calaveras and Stanislaus. The work will be completed in September, when it is expected that a great rush will be made to that region.

The miners at Carson's Creek, Angel's and San Andreas, who have water to work their toms, are averaging about \$12 per day. A party is fitting out in Mariposa county for the purpose of prospecting an extensive region of country, supposed to be aridiferous, from the head of King's river, southward. New deposits of gold have been found on Soldier's gulch, Calaveras county. Extensive preparations are being made for tunnels and cave shafts.

The miners on Hamburg are still doing remarkably well, as also those on Dead Wood, Cherry, Greenhorn and Cottonwood Creeks. A party of eighteen men are now engaged in bringing water into a rich gulch, located in Scott's Valley, from a distance of ten miles, for the purpose of washing.

The Marmaluke Hill diggings, near Georgetown, have lately proved very rich. The Bay State Company, in that vicinity, is cutting a tunnel five hundred feet in length mostly through the solid rock. Other tunnels are also being run into the hill.

Major Moses J. Barnard, United States Army, died at Oregon city on the 4th July. He served with much distinction in the Mexican War, and planted the American colors on the walls of Chapultepec with his own hands. For this achievement he received the Brevet rank of Major, and was presented with a sword by the citizens of Nantucket, his native place.

BY THE MAIL.

PERPETUAL LIGHT.—We find the following in one of our late foreign papers, and republish for the benefit of the believers in the marvellous:

"A most curious and interesting discovery has just been made at Laugres, France, which, we have no doubt, will cause a searching scientific inquiry as to the material and properties of the perpetually burning lamps, said to have been in use by the ancients. Workmen were recently excavating for a foundation for a new building in a debris, evidently the remains of a Gallo-Roman erection, when they came to the roof of an underground sort of a cave, which time had rendered almost of metallic hardness. An opening was, however, effected, when one of the workmen instantly exclaimed that there was light at the bottom of the cavern. The parties present entered, when they found a bronzed sepulchral lamp of remarkable workmanship, suspended from the roof by chains of the same metal. It was entirely filled with a combustible substance, which did not appear to have diminished, although the probability is the combustion has been going on ages. This discovery will, we trust, throw some light on a question which has caused so many disputes among learned antiquaries, although it is stated that one was discovered at Viterbo in 1850, from which, however, no fresh information was afforded on the subject."

AN INCIDENT.—A passenger who was on board the ill-fated steamer *Henry Clay*, relates the following incident connected with that sad disaster:

"He had been on the bow of the vessel, and was one of the first to escape. Upon reaching the shore, he counted twenty three persons who sunk to rise no more. He sickened at the sight, and was just turning to leave the spot, when he saw a little boy only seven years of age emerge from the smoke and flame on the after part of the promenade deck, kneel down and clasp his hands, as if in prayer. He remained in this attitude but a moment, and then leaped into the water. Our informant watched the little fellow as he went under the water, expecting not to see him again. Presently the young hero rose to the surface, brushed aside his auburn ringlets, and struck out manfully for the shore, which he reached in a short time. Upon landing, he sat down upon the bank, exclaiming—'Oh, these poor people! I wish I could save them!' and then burst into a flood of tears, at the awful scene of suffering and death before him. What a noble heart was in that boy, who, so young, could not only ask deliverance from danger of his heavenly Father, but feel for the sufferings of others. Does it not also speak volumes in the mother of that boy?"

ANCIENT GRAIN REVIVED IN AFRICA.—Letters received in Paris, from Chesell, in Africa, have announced that the ancient seed of flour, grain, and corn, which was used during the time of the kings of ancient Egypt, the Pharaohs, have been sown in the garden of a farmer, and produced several ears, which offered a new species entirely unknown to modern agriculture.

It appears that these grains of corn, which have been taken out of a coffin from the Pyramids, offer the appearance of a large ear in the center, around which are six or seven smaller ears, like the branches of a tree. The length of the grain is about three or four centimetres. The leaves are bearded and larger, as well as more rough than those of the ordinary corn. Each ear contains from seventy to ninety grains. No doubt this new corn will soon be adopted all over Europe, for it produces three times the number of grains of the other kind of corn. Every grain is nearly as big as two of the other.

THE STATE OF THE NEW YORK GUTTERS. The inhabitants of Grand street, (Bowery end) complain of the filth and decayed vegetable matter, which is allowed to accumulate in the gutters of the neighborhood. One of the Times reporters passed this locality and undertook to submit a short extent of gutter to an analytical test. The following is the result of his scrutiny:

Dead rats, cabbage leaves, corn husks, onion stalks, pea pods, rotten eggs, and orange peel, were undergoing a process of fermentation, in a pool of stagnant putrid liquid, arising from which were fumes of ammonia, threatening disease and death to those who are under the necessity of inhaling them.

NEW COTTON.—The first bale of the new crop was received here on Sunday night by the steamer *P. Dalman*, Capt. Phelps. It is from the plantation of Mr. A. Lecour, Parish of Point Coupee, and consigned to Messrs. E. Gerard & Co. The sample before us is of fair color, well ginned, and of good staple. The first arrival here last year was on the 25th of July, in 1850 on the 11th of August, in 1849 on the 7th of August, and in 1848 on the 5th of August.—*N. O. Com. Bulletin*, 3d.

COMMERCE OF GLOUCESTER.—Twenty-three thousand dollars were collected at the Gloucester Custom House last year for duties on goods imported, which is a greater amount than has been collected at any other New England port, with the exception of Boston, Portland and Salem.

Fifty fine fishing vessels, costing \$200,000, have been added to the fleet this year.—*Boston Daily*.

PROMISE TO SWALLOW A STEAM BOILER. Twenty seven years ago, while an eminent engineer was speaking before a Parliamentary committee of the probability of steamships crossing the Atlantic, the present Earl of Derby rose from his seat and exclaimed: "Good heavens! what do you say? If steamships cross the Atlantic, I will eat the boiler of the first boat!"

The *Boston Transcript* says that the ponderous machine for tunnelling the Hoosic Mountains was put in operation Saturday against the face of the rock.—Owing to a slope in the rock, the cutters did not work at first on the entire circuit, yet the machine cut a depth of nine inches in twenty minutes.

TO DISGUST MOSQUITOES.—Tie a piece of flannel or sponge to a thread made fast to the top of the bedstead; wet the flannel or sponge with camphorated spirits, and the mosquitoes will leave the room.

The coroner's jury upon widow Sarah White, aged 70, who hung herself to her bedpost in Williamsburg, Mass., found that she was "in a melancholy state of mind."

The World's Fair in New York is to be honored with fabrics from Turkey, to bring which a Turkish steam frigate is to be dispatched.

YANKEE INGENUITY.—A correspondent of the Scientific American describes an interesting method adopted by a Yankee of East Dorset, Vt., of transporting timber from the Green Mountains. The gentleman referred to had contracted to furnish the Vermont Western Railroad with 24,000 ties and other timber. As the only place from which he could procure ties and timber was three miles distant from the railroad, on the top of the Green Mountains, in a place inaccessible by any feasible road, his friends and foes joined in predictions that it was impossible for him to fulfill the contract. He ascended through a narrow ravine, to the mountain top, and there gathered in one vast pile, 42,000 ties and other timbers. Then the question arose with every one, by what means is all this to be conveyed to the railroad? Only a few weeks of summer weather is allowed to accomplish it, in and rocks and gullies intervene. Surely, "necessity is the mother of invention." He goes to work and builds a small spout or flume of hollow plank, stretching from rock to rock, down the mountain gorge. Here it rests on a rock, down the mountain gorge. Here it rests on a rock, there high on the branches of a tree, and there again, high in the air, it threads across the valley, supported like telegraphic wire. In four or five weeks, the whole three miles are completed, all built in the most simple, cheap, and substantial manner. A small stream of water is turned into the flume, and twenty men go merrily to work dashing in the heavy ties and timber; away they fly on the wings of the water, over rock and gulf, swifter than the wings of a dove. In four summer days, that pile of 3300 tons of lumber is conveyed, without cost, from the Green Mountains in Peru, to the railroad in Dorset.

The flume still stands, and the thousands of acres hitherto worthless, can now be cleared of lumber and fuel, and will make the fortune of the proprietor.

PURGENT.—Knickerbocker for July quotes the following market quotations from a Western paper. We suspect them of being in Punic faith:

"Fish—Prices rather 'salty.' Salmon is going up.—Feather river Mackerel (well broiled) is getting 'down in the mouth.' Sardines in good supply, but cannot be had without tin. Oysters, *cas*.

"Clothing.—We coat pants as a good investment.

"Hides, Horns and Tallow.—Holders of hides are almost ready to jump out of their skins. Horns are freely taken—at the saloons. Tallow has gone to Greece in large quantities.

"Shot.—Is plenty, principally in the neck."

We may add, *Pans*—A good supply, with few prime ones in first hands, and that the author of the above ought to be sent to Punjab.

"Mother," said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg shells?" "Certainly not, my dear, but why do you ask?" "Cause, I dropped the basket just now—and see what a mess I am in with the yolks!"

ARREST OF A HOUSE BREAKER.—Yesterday morning two persons who were driving a night cart, about 3 o'clock discovered a light in the grocery store of Job Terry, on Maxwell street. Passing by, the men soon after returned to the store, and were prosecuted was extinguished, and a person ran from the shop. He was pursued, and took refuge in the yard of Caleb Maxwell, where he stretched himself in a wagon, and feigned to be asleep. He was straightway secured. His name is Benjamin T. Peckham, he is a ship-carpenter by trade, residing on North street, and formerly resided in Newport and Fall River.

Peckham's operations seem to have been numerous, and to have been continued for some time past, as goods found in his possession were recognized as having been stolen several months ago. He is a good shipwright, and passed for a steady, industrious man. His conviction will leave a large family destitute of the means of support.—*New Bedford Mercury* 14th.

In the list of graduates at West Point for 1852, who have been appointed to the regiment of mounted riflemen is the name of Cadet Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte who stood No. 11 in his class at the time of his examination. Lieut. Bonaparte is a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, the ex-King of Westphalia, and now President of the French Senate, by Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, the American wife married by Jerome Bonaparte, from whom he was divorced by a papal decree, in order to marry a German princess. The father, Jerome N. Bonaparte, Sr., is a gentleman of large wealth, now resident at Baltimore. His mother, Madame Patterson we understand is also living at Baltimore in possession of a considerable fortune.

THOMASTON AND ROCKLAND LIME.—The Rockland Gazette, in reply to our inquiry relative to the Manufacture of Lime in that town, says that from January 1, to August 1, of the present year, a period of seven months—there have been manufactured and sold 536,000 casks, at an average price at the wharf of 70 cents per cask, making a value of \$375,200. It adds that the supply during the whole year cannot fall far short of 1,000,000 casks. It is a productive branch of industry, and is valuable to the consumers as it is profitable to the producer.—*Boston Advertiser*.

Professor Bache, Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey, is on the Appomattox River in Virginia making examinations in reference to the improvement of James River and the river Appomattox. It is high time that Virginia commenced making improvements. The River and Harbor bill contains an amendment making provision for the improvement of these two rivers.

Considerable progress has been made in the removal of the Crystal Palace.—Nearly the whole of the transport has gone. It was feared there would have been great destruction of the materials by the removal, they being riveted together; but this has been carefully avoided by cutting the rivet off, a work of much time.

The use of chicory in coffee is fast driving coffee out of the English market. Five millions of pounds less of coffee were consumed in England in 1851 than in 1847, the adulteration is so general.

A Glasgow painter took up a newspaper the other day, and found in it an advertisement to the effect that a relative had left him £10,000.

There are farmers in Devonshire, who pay £200 a year rent for their farms who cannot write their names.

NEWPORT MERCURY.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1852.

Is all our wanderings we have never chanced to visit a spot where art and nature have done more for the comfort, convenience and enjoyment of man, than on this island; and the opinion is ripe that for healthy air charming drives and beautiful walks, few spots on this earth are more favored. But with all the charms it is acknowledged to possess, years on years passed away without due appreciation by even its inhabitants, and to the beginning of the third century in its history, the climate of Rhode Island was not truly valued; but in the short space of a dozen years its fame has spread abroad, and now, not to spend a season at Newport, is to step without the pale of fashionable life. Here the rich resort to take their ease and build spacious mansions in open grounds, adorned with terrace, parterre and thickly planted groves; with halls opened to the south breeze and the balcony facing ten thousand miles of ocean. The old, sleek shores in the hope of prolonging life by bathing in the surf and exercising freely in a bracing air. The young, that a greater field may be offered for the display of talent, wit, or even a pretty form, and it may be to avoid ennui or the unpleasant results of a quiet, serious consideration of better things. The spendthrift finds that he can live the fastest at the watering place, and at such a resort the gambler follows.—The noxious mamma shows to the beaux her marriageable daughters, and the gallants, either bid, look to the old one's rent-rolls, and wonder whether it will pay.—All is fictitious, all is on the crust—a gilded ball, rotten at the core.

This is life with the gayer portion—those who are never content save in a whirl of excitement; but there is still a larger, very large, class who seek to spend their summers in Newport for improvement and real enjoyments. They have but little to do with the noise and confusion attendant on more exciting pastimes, and seek their amusements in a rational way. If the morning is occupied in bathing and the many little duties that go to make up life; the afternoon is devoted to riding over roads gently winding by the shore, over hills or through cultivated farms, varying the scene with every mile, and each day changing the landscape. Many of these drives are very beautiful, and as we have never given them even a passing notice, let us at this time point to their more attractive features.

Of the many beautiful roads we scarce know which to choose, but at a venture will turn southward and drive into Brenton's neck. Leaving the main road, just beyond the Collyington mill, we enter through a gate on a road running nearly west, and crossing a small brook that winds far up among the grassy slopes, we pass along a quiet beach, the land gently rising on the left—and on the right the bay, harbor and town spread out to view. On the hill above there are traces of an old redoubt, built in the last war with England, and called Fort Denham. It is a small breast-work calculated for a few guns to take the inner harbor, and to keep up the communication between the town and Fort Adams, then a small work on the site of the present fort of the same name. A short distance beyond the fort gradually rises to the brow of the hill, where a fine view can be obtained, and it is well here to pause and gaze for a moment upon the scene. To the north the Bay is spread out, its waters broken by sails passing to and fro. On the island directly in front, stand the remains of Fort Walcott, the oldest of our forts. It was originally called Fort Ann, subsequently it was named Fort George, and at a later period it received its present name. On the island in mid-channel the remains of a considerable fort are still visible, but from long neglect the work has fallen into complete ruin. It is known as Rose Island, and was at one time well garrisoned. The island just above the town is Coasters' Harbor and the large building, situated near its centre, the *ASYLUM* farm and the institution is so conducted as to relieve the town of a large expense. The poor are nowhere better provided for or made more comfortable.

The large work to the left is one of the finest fortifications in the country and is known as Fort Adams. It was commenced in 1824 and up to the end of 1850 had cost \$1,692,000. With the redoubt, to the south, it is calculated for 468 guns, and to garrison three thousand men. The road will take us directly to the fort, and as the land plays on the parade at 6 P. M. we will join the throng that hasten to participate in the pleasures of the scene.—As we approach, the road passes over a fine causeway to the east, presenting another view of the town. Entering the main work from the east, we at once open on the parade ground (covering not less than eleven acres) where are already assembled a large number of vehicles. These drive round and round the square, in the centre of which stand the band filling the air with their delightful music. The musicians are principally German, men of taste, who pass their whole time in the practice of their art, and thus have arrived at great perfection. Leaving the fort for a wider scope, we again take the road and keep to the west, passing through noble farms to the last—the Castle Hill farm—where stands Bateau's boarding house, now filled to its utmost capacity. Passing through the farm yard the road leads right to the beach, where a fine breaker may always be seen. The rising ground to the right is surmounted by a work that was once garrisoned, but is now scarcely distinguished from surrounding earth. The water at the base of the rocks is thirty fathoms in depth, and in the spring and fall is the resort of tautang fishers. To the south, a short distance and running a mile into the sea, Brenton's Reef shows its dangerous rocks, its whole length traced by the breakers that continually tumble over the higher points. The boatmen find fish abundant along these rocks, but it requires skill and experience to approach a shore so dangerous. The next spot of interest along this shore is Graves' point, so named from the graves, now nearly level with the bank of two unknown men who were there washed ashore. Graves' point is known to the base fisher, and during the season there is hardly a day the stand is not occupied.

In returning, we take the old road and come out near the Lily Pond, a favorite spot, and the largest sheet of spring water on the island. From the hill over which the road winds, the view is very pleasing; the pond is placed between picturesque hills (those on the left adorned with trees) gently falling to the beach on the South, beyond which there is a view of Gooseberry Island and the Ocean, a fairer scene on a quiet summer's day we ask not to see.—The road to the left leads to the beach, and on the extreme end of the point, on the same hand, will be found the far famed Spouting Rock. One may approach it at this season to hear the surf beating against the sides of its hollow caverns, but to see it spout volumes of water it must be visited after a violent tempest in the Winter or Spring months. At such times, when the whole ocean as far as the eye can reach, is lashed into fury, and the breakers dash against the rock with a force that makes the whole earth to tremble, the spray mounts in clouds and all who approach are saturated with the mist; then, while all nature is in commotion, the spouting cave catches the wild spirit and adds its thunder to two the more loudly should they approach its mouth: the waves, madly sporting on the shore, rush with terrific fury through its open throat into the bowels of the rock; there, meeting a wall of adamant, chafed and distracted, they find vent above in a jet of foam that darts far upward in the air, and spreads its whitening mist on all around. Man gazes on the scene appalled; the sky is dark and lowering, the earth quivers beneath his feet, the waters give an angry roar and again rush headlong to the shore as if to annihilate the very rocks, and the meaning of the winds increase the general gloom. Who can gaze on the quiet ripple of to-day and feel that nature can in a moment change its peaceful lullaby for the storm king's awful notes.

The Lobos Islands are now a subject of dispute. It is very important to the world at large that they should remain open to commerce, notwithstanding the claim set up by the government of Peru to exclusive jurisdiction. The Peruvians claim these valuable islands as a part of their territory, the English favor this claim as the better insuring of the payment of Peruvian bonds, and the Americans assert that the islands were discovered by American fishermen, were the resort of sealers down to the year 1830 when the fishery ceased to be profitable, and that they ought in right to be open to ships of all nations; which means, of course, that as the Americans are the most active and enterprising, if permitted to help themselves to these deposits of guano, their share will be large and profitable.—Orders have been given to our naval vessels in the Pacific to protect the vessels of the United States in their rights to these islands, and a number of vessels have already sailed for the "disputed territory," well armed and with an additional number of men. There can be little fear of direct collision with the Peruvians, as their government has not the naval force to send out against our ships, but if British vessels are ordered to interfere, until the question of right is settled, there is no doubt but difficulties of a serious nature will arise. Guano has become an important article of commerce, and these islands are of immense value. The Peruvians have realized large sums from the sale of guano deposited on the Lobos Islands, and the use of this fertilizer was known to them long before the conquest of Peru by the Spaniards.

A CORRESPONDENT asks this question: "Can you tell me how much BENNETT, of the New York Herald, is paid for abusing Newport?" To this we can give no satisfactory answer, not knowing what steps were taken in the spring to secure the tirade of abuse he has launched forth during the last few weeks; but this much we can say, that if he is paid for his scurrilous articles in proportion to the good he has done the place, his zeal will be well rewarded. Newporters and especially those who cater for the visitors at the hotels, should feel under great obligation to the Herald for so effectually checking the influx of gamblers, pick-pockets, and loafers of the low kidney; and, indeed, rather than it should desert from its present course, we should advise the raising of a creditable sum to secure the republication of some of its late editorials or the production of new ones of the same stamp.

Newport has never been more favored than during the present season; the town is crowded to its utmost capacity, the visitors are all highly respectable, and those who have been in the habit of visiting this place during years past, express a satisfaction at finding it at this time so free from an objectionable class. Newport will always be popular and its hotels crowded every year, but the present season is a remarkable one, and this unusual degree of prosperity can in a great measure be traced to the Herald's above attempts to drag into notice watering places where its reporters rule supreme, at the expense of Newport and Saratoga.

It is with pleasure we call attention to the advertisement in another column, for an Agricultural fair or cattle show, on this island, to be held in Middletown on the 22d proximo. Our farmers are alive to their interest, and it is certainly evident from the present move that they are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of progress. Old ways are fast giving place to modern improvements, labor saving machines are coming into use, capital is expended on fine stock, and the science of agriculture is now studied. All are seeking for knowledge and advancement, and we hope all are impressed with the importance of meeting together to discuss matters connected with their profession, to exhibit the products of their several farms and offer stock for competition. If this matter is taken in hand, and the real feelings prevail, but a few years will pass and the island will be a model of agricultural improvement; for the number of farmers, as can anywhere be seen in New England.

The question of the emancipation of Cuba is still prominent, though with their present organization it is hardly possible for any serious disturbance to take place on the island. The Creoles are making preparations to throw off the yoke of Spain, but as there is no unity of design, no master spirit to direct their hands and sustain their cause against the combined movements of the Spaniards, they can but reenact the tragedy of a few malcontents struggling against a government arm at all points, and ready for the attack as soon as threatened. The cup of the Cubans is not yet full and until they have drank of it to the drops they will not be prepared or qualified to successfully oppose the laws fixed by Spanish avarice.

The *Advertiser* advises the laying of a sidewalk on Bath Road for the accommodation of the crowds that frequent the beach. The idea is a good one and if carried out would be very acceptable to pedestrians; but we hardly see how it can be effected except through the liberality of land holders in that section, as the town is not able to take the work upon itself. Sidewalks give an additional value to property, and if only formed of gravel, confined by a suitable curb, and not to be despised when the foot path is filled ankle deep with dust.

We have heard it said that a couple of strangers applied to one of our boatmen to take them basing, and that he expressed a readiness to oblige them, but seeing that they were "green" in matters of fishing, he conceived the idea of playing off a joke at their expense and so placed them on the Lime Rocks to throw and haul to their heart's content, a practical joke that may create a laugh when told, but one alike unmean and contemptible.

Through an oversight we did not acknowledge in our last the receipt of the Tax Book for 1852, from the collector, Mr. Wm. H. Barker.

The whole amount of property assessed is \$5,960,800, upon which the sum of 41 cents is assessed on the \$100, to raise a tax of \$24,437.23. Thirty-four individuals pay the total sum of \$5,677.52.

It will be seen by referring to our advertising columns, that the *Old Stone Mill Lot* will be disposed of by auction on Saturday next in parcels to suit purchasers. It is a matter of regret that this land is not to be public property, but the fact has gone forth, and we have no doubt the finest lots will be immediately taken up.

The accident mentioned in our last, did not befall JONATHAN COGGESHALL, Esq. as stated; it was his brother JOSEPH who was injured and the mistake arose from our confounding the two names. Mr. Coggeshall was very seriously injured, but we understand that he is improving slowly.

The demand for fish is so great that the market is not well supplied, although there are a great number of fisher men employed in catching tautang and bass. One dealer this week offered to pay four dollars the hundred weight for tautang, small and large, just as they were taken.

By a Telegraph dispatch received last evening at the hand of Messrs. NEWTON BROTHERS, we learn that a Steamboat collision on Lake Erie, yesterday 3 A. M., resulted in the destruction of the steamer *Atlantic*

OUR BOOK TABLE

Westminster Review. The American reprint of this work is received from Leonard Scott & Co. It contains an article on Secular Education. That on the Future of Geology is valuable and interesting; it predicts for the science a yet higher application, and that under the influence of comparative geology, with ordinary methods of training, would lead to a more profound and useful knowledge of the earth and its inhabitants. In an article on Lord Jeffrey and the Edinburgh Review, we have a literary history of Jeffrey and his contemporaries and of his productive vigor. It closes with a notice of his death.

The "Review" became the interpreter between the contemporary mind of England and the nations. It brought their reasonings and utterances of impassioned imagination to the knowledge of many who might otherwise have heard of them; it accelerated their communication even to the literary portion of society. It acted as a fly-wheel to quicken and increase the power of the intellect of the intellectual machine. And though much was due to these circumstances, much also was owing, no doubt, to the men who wrote it. "Review" was conducted, Lord Cockburn disapproved, and the Reviews of an earlier date, but publications which had numbered among their managers and contributors Smollett, Goldsmith, Gifford, Taylor of Norwich, and many more of their stamp, were by no means the contemptible things he pleased to represent them. The Edinburgh Review pleased to represent them less on account of the superiority of those who labored upon it than of the better materials placed within its reach, and the more favorable circumstances in which it appeared. Its utility was much diminished by the unavailability of its contents to the many who were in need of it, and of France and England. It is, in consequence, an imperfect record of the European literary and scientific activity of its age. But it accomplished much for English literature, and breathed a liberal, enlightened, tolerant spirit into the dead pages of the Review of Scotland. For this, much credit is due, no doubt, to the richness of Sidney Smith, the reckless eccentricity of Brougham, the solidity of Horner, the precision of Mill, the learned bonhomie of Hallam and Macintosh. But without the commanding influence of Jeffrey these heterogeneous materials would have been kept working harmoniously together.

Article 5, on the Tendencies of England, followed by "Lily Novels"; Political Literature and sentiments of Niebuhr; Restoration of Belief, &c. It may be well to add that the present number of the first of XXXV vol, and that it is a fitting time to open a subscription. Tilley, Agent.

Hunt's Magazine. The August number is filled with articles that shed light on questions of great importance to the Merchant. The leading articles are—The Law for the Computation of Interest—Our metallic Currency—Naval Dry Docks of the United States—Influence of Commerce upon the Commercial Crisis. New York. Questions relating to the Theory of Stocks. Besides these, there are short articles on Mercantile Law, Banking, Currency and Finance; Commercial Regulations; Statistics, and Miscellaneous notices.

Black Dwarf. Old Mortality; vol. 5 of Waterbury Novels; B. B. Mosey & Co. Boston; W. H. Peck, Newport. The illustrations in this volume are the best we have yet seen. The paper is of a fine quality, the binding strong and the whole got up at a price that will put it within the reach of all who desire these works.

Little's Living Age. No. 432, opens with an article on the Dublin Magazine, on the Identity of John Keats, which the writer seeks to prove that the puzzle of Junius has not yet been solved, and then enters into long discussion of the matter. From the Examiner there is a "Story of Nell Gwyn," and articles from Chamber's Journal, Household Words, Fraser's Magazine, the Times &c., &c.

Mrs. Whittell's Magazine. The August number of this excellent periodical for mothers and daughters is promptly received, and we find in it a delightful tale of original and interesting subjects, but all calculated for the great object in view—the improvement and elevation of American women.

God's Magazine, for September is adorned with embellishments from wood and steel, and its pages are enriched by the writings of Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Gove, Alice B. Neal, and others. This is another double number and one that will find favor with the readers of our columns.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of S. Leland & Co. in another column, of the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York, to be opened by them on the first of September. New York is famed for its extensive and well ordered hotels. When last in the city, we noticed the Metropolitan, then in the course of completion, as one of the most attractive buildings on Broadway. It is built of white marble and on a monster scale, yet so arranged that the greatest degree of comfort and convenience is secured to all its inmates.

Reported for the Newport Mercury.

COURT OF JUSTICES.

August 17.—State vs. Thos. MacLaughlin, complaint for stealing Diamond ring—committed to take his trial before the Supreme Court.

State vs. Thos. MacLaughlin for stealing a double barrel gun, committed to take his trial before the Supreme Court.

Complaint against Oliver L. Marshall for assault and battery on Wm. A. Brown—committed to take his trial before the Supreme Court.

Complaint against Charles T. Paul for stealing a watch—committed to take his trial before the Supreme Court.

Complaint against D. C. Mathewson, C. T. Mathewson and Nelson Bourne, for assault with pistol—motion to quash the complaint for assault, on ground of substance, sustained and defendants discharged.

The Court then adjourned to Wednesday morning.

August 17.—Two complaints against A. B. Campbell for violation of the 4th section of the "Maine Law." First complaint withdrawn, motion made to postpone the hearing of all the complaints before the Court for violation of the License Law in consequence of the absence of Gen. Carpenter, one of the counsel for the respondents—after hearing the motions and the objections to it, the Court decided to hear the testimony now, and adjourn to meet again on Wednesday morning.

The evidence was then taken in that and two other cases against Henry Anthony, keeper of the Ocean Cottage, for violation of the same law.

Complaint against Samuel B. Connell for assault and battery on Wm. B. Swan by throwing eggs—Respondent found guilty and fined \$10 and costs of Court.

New York Grain Market.

Prime Wheat, as before noted, is in small supply, and being most wanted, is very firm at improving prices—the firmness of holders restricts sales, and we have only to notice new Genesee at \$1.15, the bulk of the new crop received. Flour, 95c. 40c. Upper Lake, 65c. good Red Ohio, 91c. 92c. stock of common qualities low. Rye is quiet, with small receipts, and nominally 75c. for new and 77c. for old. Oats are plenty, and rather lower—Canada 44c. 45c. and Western and Western Canada 43c. 44c. The supply of Corn is very light, and with a good demand for home use and some inquiry for export and on speculation, prices have advanced, the market closing firmly—at 64c. 65c. for yellow, 68c. 69c. for mixed Western, 70c. for yellow and good New Orleans White, and 75c. for mixed Southern—all other kinds are scarce and wanted.

New Bedford Oil Market.

Sperm.—There is a fair demand but holders are very firm and the transactions limited. We have only to report a sale of 287 bbls. at \$1.25 per gallon.

Whale.—The increased demand noticed in our last report has not been sustained through the past week. There is some inquiry however by the trade for small lots for the supply of immediate wants, but no transactions have come to our knowledge. In manufactured there is a good demand, and large sales have been made at full prices.

At Market 1900 Beef Cattle, 200 Steers, 12 pairs Working Oxen, 82 Cows and Calves, 5000 Sheep and Lambs, and 9000 Pigs.

Prices.—Beef Cattle.—Extra \$6.25; first quality \$6.00; second \$5.50 a 55; third \$5.00, a 40. Working Oxen \$3.00 at \$3.50, 95c. 100c. Sheep and Lambs—\$1.20, 25c. 26c. 27c. 31c. 33c. Sows and Pigs—\$1.50, 20c. 21c. 22c. 23c. 24c. 25c. 26c. 27c. 28c. 29c. 30c. 31c. 32c. 33c. 34c. 35c. 36c. 37c. 38c. 39c. 40c. 41c. 42c. 43c. 44c. 45c. 46c. 47c. 48c. 49c. 50c. 51c. 52c. 53c. 54c. 55c. 56c. 57c. 58c. 59c. 60c. 61c. 62c. 63c. 64c. 65c. 66c. 67c. 68c. 69c. 70c. 71c. 72c. 73c. 74c. 75c. 76c. 77c. 78c. 79c. 80c. 81c. 82c. 83c. 84c. 85c. 86c. 87c. 88c. 89c. 90c. 91c. 92c. 93c. 94c. 95c. 96c. 97c. 98c. 99c. 100c.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

1862.	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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2	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
3	30	31	1	2	3	4	5
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5	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
6	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
7	27	28	29	30	31	1	2
8	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
10	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
11	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
12	31	1	2	3	4	5	6

MOON'S 3d or 2d 11 53 or morning

DECEASED.

In this town, 17th inst., by Rev. Mr. Husted, Mr. Thomas S. LAMSON, of Miss ELIZABETH A. eldest daughter, Mr. George A. Edger, of this town.

In Warren, 10th inst., Mr. ALBERT A. GAWWELL, of Providence, to Miss SUSAN H. daughter of the late Mr. Nathaniel Easton, of Warren.

In Bristol, 4th inst., Mr. HORACE M. BARN to Miss HARRIET BYRON, daughter of John Norris, Esq., of Mr. Isaac Bailey, of New Bedford.

In Providence, 12th inst., CORNELIA A. daughter of Mr. Albert Dexter, aged 1 year. On Friday evening, from injuries received by being thrown from a carriage, Miss SARAH E. LINDSEY, daughter of the late Mr. Cyrus W. Lindsey, aged 23 years; 14th, Thomas P. son of Mr. Pascal Newman, aged 5 years; 8 months; Philip C. Jr., infant son of Mr. Philip C. Scott, aged 20 months; CHARLES HOLDEN JR., Esq., aged 37 years; 16th, Elvira, infant son of Mr. Chas. A. Williams, aged 8 months; 17th, Miss FREDERICK DYER, aged 83 years; Mrs. MARY RUGG, wife of Mr. Salmon Rugg, aged 67 years.

In this town, 15th inst., RENECA E. infant daughter of Mr. Moses Barlow, aged 3 months.

In this town, 10th inst., Miss SARAH S. COOK, daughter of the late John Cooke, Esq., aged 65 years.

In this town, 19th inst., ERNEST, infant daughter of Mr. George H. Ellery, of Brooklyn, N.Y., aged 14 months.

In Bristol, 8th inst., Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. William Munro, aged 72 years.

In Warren, 30th ult., Mrs. MARY R. BERT, formerly of New Bedford, wife of Mr. John C. Bert, aged 26 years; 10th inst., EDGAR MAURICE, only son of Mr. Sturges Dyer, aged 3 months.

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In this town, 19th inst., ERNEST, infant daughter of Mr. George H. Ellery, of Brooklyn, N.Y., aged 14 months.

In Bristol, 8th inst., Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. William Munro, aged 72 years.

In Warren, 30th ult., Mrs. MARY R. BERT, formerly of New Bedford, wife of Mr. John C. Bert, aged 26 years; 10th inst., EDGAR MAURICE, only son of Mr. Sturges Dyer, aged 3 months.

In Providence, 12th inst., CORNELIA A. daughter of Mr. Albert Dexter, aged 1 year. On Friday evening, from injuries received by being thrown from a carriage, Miss SARAH E. LINDSEY, daughter of the late Mr. Cyrus W. Lindsey, aged 23 years; 14th, Thomas P. son of Mr. Pascal Newman, aged 5 years; 8 months; Philip C. Jr., infant son of Mr. Philip C. Scott, aged 20 months; CHARLES HOLDEN JR., Esq., aged 37 years; 16th, Elvira, infant son of Mr. Chas. A. Williams, aged 8 months; 17th, Miss FREDERICK DYER, aged 83 years; Mrs. MARY RUGG, wife of Mr. Salmon Rugg, aged 67 years.

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